Effects of curteſie, dues of gratitude,
Thy halfe of the kingdome, haſt thou not forgot
Wherein I thee indow'd.
Reg. Good ſir too'th purpoſe.
Lear. Who put my man i'th ſtockes ?
Duke. What trumpets that ? *Enter Steward.*
Reg. I know't my ſiſters, this approues her letters,
That ſhe would ſoone be here, is your Lady come ?
Lear. This is a ſlaue, whoſe eaſie borrowed pride
Dwels in the fickle grace of her, a followes,
Out varlet, from my ſight.
Duke. What meanes your Grace ? *Enter Gon.*
Gon. Who ſtruck my ſeruant, *Regan* I haue good hope
Thou didſt not know ant.
Lear. Who comes here ? O heauens !
If you doe loue old men, if you ſweet ſway allow
Obedience, if your ſelues are old, make it your cauſe,
Send downe and take my part,
Art not aſham'd to looke vpon this beard ?
O *Regan* wilt thou take her by the hand ?
Gon. Why not by the hand ſir, how haue I offended ?
Als not offence that indiſcretion finds,
And dotage tearmes ſo.
Lear. O ſides you are too tough,
Will you yet hold ? how came my man it'h ſtockes ?
Duke. I ſet him there ſir, but his owne diſorders
Deſeru'd much leſſe aduancement,
Lear. You, did you ?
Reg. I pray you father being weake ſeeme ſo,
If till the expiration of your moneth,
You will returne and ſoiorne with my ſiſter,
Diſmiſſing halfe your traine, come then to me,
I am now from home, and out of that prouiſion,
Which ſhall be needful for your entertainment.
Lear. Returne to her, and fiftie men diſmiſt,
No rather I abiure all roofes, and chuſe
To wage againſt the enmitie of the Ayre,
To be a Comrade with the Woolfe and owle,

Neceſſities

Neceſſities ſharpe pinch, returne with her,
Why the hot bloud in *France*, that dowerles
Tooke our yongeſt borne, I could as well be brought
To knee his throne, and Squire-like penſion bag,
To keepe baſe life afoot, returne with her,
Perſwade me rather to be ſlaue and ſumter
To this deteſted groome.
Gon. At your choiſe ſir.
Lear. Now I prithee daughter do not make me mad,
I will not trouble thee my child, farewell,
Wee'le no more meete, no more ſee one another.
But yet thou art my fleſh, my bloud, my daughter,
Or rather a diſeaſe that lies within my fleſh,
Which I muſt needs call mine, thou art a bile,
A plague ſore, an imboſſed carbuncle in my
Corrupted bloud, but Ile not chide thee,
Let ſhame come when it will, I doe not call it,
I doe not bid the thunder bearer ſhoote,
Nor tell tailes of thee to high Iudging *Ioue*,
Mend when thou canſt, be better at thy leaſure,
I can be patient, I can ſtay with *Regan*,
I and my hundred Knights.
Reg. Not altogether ſo ſir, I looke not for you yet,
Nor am prouided for your fit welcome,
Giue eare ſir to my ſiſter, for thoſe
That mingle reaſon with your paſſion,
Muſt be content to thinke you are old, and ſo,
But ſhe knowes what ſhee does.
Lear. Is this well ſpoken now ?
Reg. I dare auouch it ſir, what fiftie followers,
Is it not well, what ſhould you need of more,
Yea or ſo many, ſith that both charge and danger
Speakes gainſt ſo great a number, how in a houſe
Should many people vnder two commands
Hold amytie, tis hard, almoſt impoſſible.
Gon. Why might not you my Lord receiue attendáce
From thoſe that ſhe cals ſeruants, or from mine ?
Reg. Why not my Lord ? if then they chanc'ſt to ſlacke you,
We could controwle them, if you will come to me,